



THE WHOLE ACCOUNT OF OUR PRIESTS AND NUNS WHO WAS MASACRED IN SYRIA

Good Christians pay attention to what I now unfold
The subject I now mention will make your blood run cold
Of the Syria massacre where thousands suffer'd sore
Full five thousand Christians it grieves me to explain

Were slaughtered without mercy by a Christian ranting train
The soldier and shot them through the heart to place their desire
Their property they plunder'd and their dwellings set on fire
It would grieve you heart with pity to see how they were us'd

The men at first were put to death the women then ill-used
Each village street was covered all with crimson blood
We hope their souls are happy as they suffer'd for their God
Our Chapel and our Nunneries those demons did surround

And set them on fire till the burn'd to the ground
Our Priests & Nuns the martyr'd them & left them in their gore
The cruel death they underwent it grieves our heart full sore
Our holy Priests with cruelty these savages assail'd

First placing one upon a cross his hands and feet they us'd
They kept him till he was dead in agony and pain
And as the Jews shush'd our Lord his Priests they used the same
Some of our Priests they placed on spikes until they did expire'd

Others cut and quarter'd and burned in the fire
They bore it all with patience their lives they parted free
For sake of him that died for us upon Mount Calvary
Our Nuns the chased and did not cease till five of them was slain

Two were Irish ladies and three belonged to Spain
Forty of them thank God escap'd of that coarmunity
And eight Franciscan Friars fell in this sad massacre
The Reverend Father Reeves gave praise to him is due

It was he that saved the forty Nuns or they be murdered too
And many more would fall a pray onto this savage crew
May God protect him day and night our noble clergy
At Deleelkomar Christians blood ran like fountains red

The mothers with their infant child were burn'd in their beds
The means of dying Christians while the town in flames did blaze
They suffer'd as the martyrs did for God in former days
In presence of the furious troops their camps being lying near

The Christians call'd for mercy but their cries they would not hear
The soldiers smash'd their Crosses and skiv'r'd frant & rare
Down to the children of five years old no Christian did they spare
The very infants from their bosoms those demons did tare

Now to conclude these feeling lines I will lay down my pen
The Lord will pour distinction upon this savage race of men
They slaughter'd them because their God they never deny
I hope they'll rest for ever bless'd with him who dwells on high